left her home on a small estate in northern France and went to Paris. Her husband offered to forgive all, but she elected to remain away as the leader of a circle In which her gifts brought her supremacy. Poets have sung her beauty, supposed to be the most perfect example of the Madonna type., artists have painted her portraits, the most gifted men of all climes and countries and degrees have poured out their homage at her feet.

When I asked this modern *fille de joie* what she did In her hours of sadness and depression she asked me in return if I knew nothing of the second life, that inner contemplative life of the spirit which makes one independent of the outside one.

And if my more conventional sisters wonder at the breadth and tolerance of my acquaintance list, I would remind them of that most pregnant story of Socrates and the visit he paid Theodote, the leader of the hetairi of ancient Athens, as this fair one is of modern Paris. We are told that he spoke kindly and

helpfully to his hostess, recommending her to be sweet and gentie to her lovers, and to love tenderly In return
those who loved her, and that he paid a gentle compliment to her beauty as J^ Jeft her. For was
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